

If there is only one thought I might leave with you tonight, it is this:

Do not feel that, because you see darkness on the horizons of the world, all is lost and you must fling your life away in useless dissipation, in the philosophy of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

That sentiment does prevail among some groups of our population when they envision the perils of the fissured atom and the prospect of a war even more stupendous and tragic than the last.

I have a young college friend who expressed that thought to me recently. "Why should we worry about getting an education or starting out in business life when we'll all be fighting another war in several years?" he asked me.

I would be the last person to assert that the rising generation has any overwhelming reasons to be more hopeful about the future than the two generations which have preceded it. We have emerged from two world wars, the second more deadly than the first, with little reason to believe that the human race makes much progress toward wiping out the self-mutilation of war.

And yet, as Dr. Toynbee so magnificently perceives, it is through the very laying down of such mighty challenges that civilization finds the vitality to fight. Each challenge produces its own response, or each action its counteraction, as you have learned in science.

I would pause here a moment to bring you a quotation from Dr. Toynbee's book which illustrates what I mean.

"Ages ago" and I quote now from *A Study of History*—"a band of naked, houseless, fireless savages started from their warm home in the torrid zone and pushed steadily northward from the beginning of spring to the end of the summer. They never guessed that they had left the land of constant warmth until, in September, they began to feel an uncomfortable chill at night. Day by day it grew worse. Not knowing its cause, they travelled this way or that to escape. Some went southward, but only a handful returned to their former homes. There they resumed the old life, and their descendants are untutored savages to this day. Of those who wandered in other directions, all perished except one small band. Finding that they could not escape the nipping air, the members of this band used the loftiest of human faculties, the power of conscious invention. Some tried